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The Pathfinder

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—

ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY
PROSE WRITERS

III. THOMAS HARDY—THE MAKING
OF A PORTRAIT

By JULIAN PARK



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THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

This journal is published monthly at THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE.

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VOLUME FOUR

The editor begs to announce for volume four of THE PATHFINDER the following prose articles: Under the general title of *Aspects of Recent Prose-Writers*, two of which have already appeared, *e. g.* Benson and Arnold, Mr. Julian Park, of Williams College, will write on Ruskin, Hearn, Wilde, Henley, Symonds and Hardy; Mr. G. B. Rose will continue his art essays with criticisms on Poelemburg, Albert Moore, Palma Vecchio, Mantegna and Albert Dürer; Miss Jeannette Marks, of Mt. Holyoke College, will contribute a series of short essays under the title *Lyra Mortis: the English Pastoral Elegy*; brief appreciations of the pastoral lyric from the pen of one of America's most delightful writers in that field, J. R. Hayes, of Swarthmore College; a series on the French lyric by the editor; occasional articles on subjects pertinent to the purpose of the little journal have been promised by some of the leading English and American essayists.

THE PATHFINDER in its inclusion of poetry will endeavor to maintain the general level of excellence which has won for it the high approval of a well-known English poet.

During the year special numbers will be devoted to Tennyson and Petrarca.

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Vol. IV]

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[No. 5

TO BION

(On His *Lament for Adonis*)

By JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

The woe of widowed Cypris and the groan
Of that sweet lady drooping o'er the bed
Where lay the form of lovely Adon dead,
Whose too, too early death she did bemoan
For that it left her loverless and lone
Amid the tears the Loves lamenting shed,—
These dolours have in later poets bred
The melancholy music of thy moan.

O pensive Bion. On this languid string
Young Moschus, mourning thine own passing,
played;
Great Spenser stroking its sad minors made
His moan for Sidney, as for hapless King
Grave Milton. Last the noble Laureate laid
The *In Memoriam* as his offering.

ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY PROSE
WRITERS

III. THOMAS HARDY—THE MAKING OF A
PORTRAIT

By JULIAN PARK

In the long gallery of famous pen-portraits of literature few can wander without coming upon some familiar faces. Here may be seen Colonel Esmond, with his strong yet gentle countenance framed in a flowing wig; there Jeanie Deans in peasant costume; over yonder Oliver Twist is plainly about to "ask for more;" and, in more recent times, Alice-for-Short is lisping in a vain attempt to make us understand. Stevenson and Hewlett and DeMorgan add to the gallery, and as the years pass, new portraits are coming, whose *cunning* semblance to life bids fair to gain them equal fame. Among the latter, one of those which lingers longest in the memory of the beholder is the portrait of Tess—Tess Durbeyfield—Tess of the D'Urbervilles. As one stands before it, the beautiful, sensuous face, the flushed cheeks, seem to pulsate with life and fervor: how was the marvel accomplished? By what arts has Thomas Hardy en-

dowed this creature of his imagination with so many of the attributes of flesh and blood?

Someone has said (to dip into the technique of the matter for a moment) that there are two main methods by which the novelist may delineate his characters: these may be termed the direct and the indirect methods. In the first case either the author may step in and discourse upon his character, or other personages in the book may make illuminating comments. Thus we may learn of the different traits of this heroine either through his own comments or through those of Angel Clare, or Mr. Crick, or of other dwellers in her little world. On the other hand, indirect delineation of character is delineation by effect—the author may say nothing about his heroine but you can see what she is by the effect her presence has on other people, and by her response to events and surroundings. Bearing these methods in mind, perhaps we may obtain some insight as to how Mr. Hardy has, in *Tess*, created a character that has lived just as really in the minds of the readers, as most of the flesh and blood personages whose lives touch ours.

Tess is introduced to us by the author at the May-day dance at Marlott. Her appearance is

described directly—her mobile, peony mouth, her large, innocent eyes. Then certain traits in her character are brought out indirectly, by her response to events. Her father passes by, droning that chant he was so often to intone in his cups—"I've got a great family vault at Kingsbere and knighted forefathers in lead coffins there." Some of the girls of the band giggle, and Tess's anger flares up; "I wont walk another inch with you if you say any jokes about him." Our personage is beginning to exist for us now. The first broad strokes are already on the canvas. From the incident we may infer that temper which was at last to culminate in tragedy, that devotion to members of her family, that pride, that emotional quality, all of which are to be enlarged upon in the ensuing pages. But Tess is a complex creation, and her traits are portrayed, not in a few broad strokes, but with delicate precision and finish. A tissue of incidents, insignificant in themselves, follow with cumulative effect until the character seems fully endowed with life.

Perhaps it may be well to consider the development of this character in two broad aspects—on one hand the emotional side of her nature, on the other the religious side.

Emotionally she is quick-tempered, magnetic, sensuous, passionate. She loves nature and out-of-doors. Notice her response to her surroundings at Talbothays. She meets Clare in the dusk; "What makes you draw off in that way, Tess?" he asks; "Are you afraid?" "Oh no, sir, . . . that is, not of outdoor things, especially just now, when the apple-blooth is falling and everything is so green." A little later she tells him what the aspects of things are to her. "The trees have inquisitive eyes, haven't they?—that is, seem as if they had. And the river says, 'Why do ye trouble me with your looks?'" To be sure, there is more than a love of nature to be inferred here—the speech also contains a germ of philosophy. But no one save a lover of nature would have read that philosophy in nature. And it is to be noted that Mr. Hardy here says not a word directly of Tess's love of nature; this trait is brought out indirectly by her response to her surroundings.

Then Tess's nature had in it something peculiarly magnetic. This is enforced by many an incident. Angel Clare felt it the first time his eyes fell upon the girl. The three girls at Talbothays felt it too: "I don't know—I don't

know,' murmured Retty Prindle, 'I want to hate 'ee, but I cannot.' 'That's how I feel,' echoed Izz and Marion, 'I can't hate her. Somehow she do hinder me!'"

If Tess was magnetic, she was also loving, even passionate. Angel is about to set out for Brazil. He meets Izz and in despair asks her to go with him. Suddenly he turns to her. "'You love me very, very much, Izz?' 'I do—I've said I do.' 'More than Tess?' She shook her head. 'No,' she murmured; 'not more than she.' 'How's that?' 'Because nobody could love 'ee more than Tess did. She would have laid down her life for 'ee. I couldn't do more.'"

Thus do Tess's friends bear testimony for her, even against their own seeming interests, compelled by the subtle magnetism of her nature; and thus does Mr. Hardy make use of this testimony to portray his heroine more vividly.

Many other characteristics might be mentioned; her weakness of will—how she objects to go to D'Urberville manor, yet goes; how she decides not to marry, yet marries; how she resolves to remain true to Angel Clare, yet goes to live with Alec D'Urberville. Again, her temper, culminating in the murder of Alec.

Before concluding, however, the delineation of the philosophical and religious side of Tess's character should receive some attention.

To maintain that she had any elaborate religious theories would, of course, be absurd. She was a simple country girl, with but little education. Yet she was contemplative and thoughtful, and, like every such person, groped vaguely after the meaning of things. She, too, had her inward broodings over life and fate. Pessimistic, she also grew fatalistic in what we may term her philosophy. She drifted passively. "Tess's own people are never tired of saying among each other, 'It was to be.'" Finally life itself began to be a burden to her as time passed. "Sheer experience taught her that in some circumstances there is one thing better than to lead a good life, and that is to be saved from leading any life whatever."

Quite naturally this unreal world affects Tess's religious beliefs also. After Tess's undoing a vein of scepticism crops out. "Pooh, I don't believe God said such things," she asserts as she sees stern Calvinistic texts painted along the road. With what art is the change in her relations with the church denoted in the effect of her presence on the worshipers—they nudge

each other, they whisper about her. And no Man of Nazareth is present to convict them by their own consciences. Then years pass; tranquillity returns. Tess is departing for new scenes, to make a new start. Hear her as she looks down upon the valley, with its ethereal landscape and crystal streams laughing in the sunlight: "O ye Sun and Moon; ye Green Things upon the Earth. . . . bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever." Then suddenly she stops; "but perhaps I don't quite know the Lord yet." The germ of scepticism is still there, all depicted in her response to her environment.

Her belief in Christianity is not deep-rooted. When she marries Clare, she adopts his beliefs blindly. Yet, full of negations as she is, there is a yearning in her to believe, "the will to believe," and, with death impending, she beseeches her husband, "Tell me now, Angel, do you think we shall meet again after we are dead? I want to know." He was silent. "O Angel, I fear that means no!" she sobbed; "and I wanted so to see you again — so much, so much! What, not even you and I, Angel, who love each other so well?" And again he is silent. Her nature passionately cries out against this

unbelief; but soon the fatalism asserts itself, and when in the morning, she is summoned to her death, she can say calmly, "I am ready."

The portrait is finished. Now in one fashion, now in another, Mr. Hardy has laid on the colours, until the figure stands forth, not a thing of leads and oils, but a living, breathing creature. Whether the result will endure the cold inroads of time, who can tell? Some there are now who maintain that the colours are too dark, the proportions untrue. Whether this be so or not, the picture, with its extraordinary semblance to reality, shows forth the cunning art of a master's hand.



THE CRY OF THE WASTE

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

There is no cry to me like the silent cry of the waste;
It speaks of infinite calm; it breathes of infinite haste;
It tells of things that are gone; it tells of things to be,—
Of the world at the flush of dawn, of the last lone twilight sea.

It haunts me where'er I go, bustle of road or mart;
In the purple hush of the night I hear it sing in my heart;
It was the earth's first cry, and lo, it shall be the last,
When the pulseless orb shall plunge back to the plumbless vast!

*GRAZIA DELEDDA**By* ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

A country is a more or less arbitrarily bounded section of the terrestrial globe, inhabited by a few thousands or millions of individuals who are together by chance and who may seem to have little in common — some of whom are good and others evil, some intelligent and others stupid, some prosperous and others miserable. These individuals envy and hate one another, and cut one another's throats on occasion; and yet, with admirable inconsistency, and in sublime defiance of the great German who called patriotism "an amiable weakness," they are ready to fight and die for the puzzling thing they call their country — more than that, they live for it and with it so completely that their activities are a fairly good evidence of their country's condition. So it happens that the wretched, disunited Italy of a century ago developed few great writers.

It is happily different to-day. Independence, union and national self-respect have encouraged literary artists whose importance is world-wide because they are thoroughly Ital-

ian—because they open for us the heart of a great new nation. Perhaps the most successful work considered from this point of view is the work of the so-called “regional” writers,—Verga in Sicily, Matilde Serao for Naples, Grazia Deledda for Sardinia. So conservative and competent a critic as Professor Carlo Segrè has declared that the last-named lady has no superior among contemporary Italian writers—and the reading public of the world is greeting her with increasing favor. Her masterpiece, *L'Edera* (The Ivy) was published in that enterprising German magazine *Die Deutsche Rundschau* before it saw the light in Italian; a number of her stories have appeared in translation in England, and even our singularly self-sufficient division of the globe has condescended to read several of her shorter stories from the pages of popular periodicals. There is no likelihood of her somber narratives ever competing for popular favor on this continent with the rapid nonsense that most of us prefer to read; but when thoughtful Americans come to know her better she will find a large audience among lovers of the just and the genuine.

It was the bitter old critic Ruggero Bonghi who founded the reputation of the young Sar-

—
dinian. Asked to write an introduction for a volume of stories from the pen of a young girl about whom he knew nothing, he was with difficulty persuaded to read them at all. He had been so often disappointed by lifeless imitations of the ancients and of foreigners that he had lost faith in Young Italy. But he did read the stories, and he did write a preface which, for him, was an enthusiastic commendation; and Grazia Deledda's success was assured.

If so many of her compatriots did not deserve the characterization nearly as well, it might be helpful to denominate her the Thomas Hardy of Italian novelists. She has Hardy's love of elemental humanity and Hardy's fatalism; but she has no trace of Hardy's comic power. She has a tremendous vividness of phrase that recalls Joseph Conrad. Her plots are invariably simple and the structure of her stories is not always symmetrical according to commonly-accepted standards; but there is always action and there is always interest.

If realism be the successful production of the illusion of reality, Grazia Deledda is a realist of realists. It is almost always a reality that sets the reader to shuddering, but it is none the less marvelous and compelling. Too compelling,

perhaps; there is not a line in all her tense pages that wanders and allows one a relief from the obsession of terrible fact. Open a volume at random—*Edera*, for example. At the beginning we have the kitchen and the invalid:

“Donna Rachele lit the lamp and put it on the great oak table at the back of the room, between the hall-door and the window. And the great, low, smoky room with its boarded ceiling, held up by heavy beams, seemed even gloomier in the yellow light of the oil lamp. Here also everything was old and in ruins. But the sofa with its torn cover, the oak table, the worm-eaten wardrobe, the reel, the carved chest—all the furniture, in short, had kept in its age something of nobility and distinction.

“In a campaign-bed back in the room, propped up on a pillow of red and white checked cotton, lay an old man, breathing with difficulty.

“‘Yes, it’s cool, it’s cool,’ he growled, after Donna Rachele had lighted the lamp. ‘Oh, if I could just be really cool once! Annesa, daughter of the Devil, why can’t you at least bring me a little fresh water?’”

Here is DeFoe’s artifice of the careful enumeration of details, applied with a cunning which

to dear, unsophisticated old DeFoe would have seemed little less than Satanic.

We have already denominated the Sardinian novelist a fatalist. Fate with her is not the palpable giant of Greek tragedy; it is not the simple abstraction of Werner and Grillparzer; it is the "environment" of the modern psychologist. The individual is thrown into a sea of struggling and opposing currents which drag their helpless victim hither and thither and end by bruising and tearing his life away from him. Grazia Deledda has no heroes and no villains; she has sufferers. In *Edera* Annesa murders the helpless bedridden old soldier left in her care. The crime is a horrible one; and yet circumstances which are more than extenuation, circumstances which render the deed inevitable, are piled up against us till we cannot find a word of blame. In *Ashes* the young man Ananias is ready to surrender position, reputation, friends, his fair young bride, to do his duty to his disreputable old mother; and yet his conduct is so obtrusively the outcome of a sort of brutal pride that it drives his mother to suicide and brings nothing but harm with it. Here are no virtuous characters set against vicious characters; here is a whole world of virtue and vice in one indi-

vidual; here, more truly, is neither virtue nor vice, but only blind impulse and pain.

The question of the effect and value of such fiction is a complicated one and hard to answer. Such stories as *The Ivy* and *Ashes* have a terribly depressing effect, an enervating effect, it is to be feared. A constant view of these pictures of helplessness would shake one's faith in God and man. Yet it is impossible to read a dozen pages without feeling the pulsing of the writer's conscience, the drawing of a serious and lofty purpose. The objection that a fatalist should, in accordance with his own theory, not waste his breath is easy to answer by recalling the unquestionable fact that fatalism is not likely to be more than intellect-deep. Grazia Deledda is as vigorous in her efforts to do right and help others to do right as the most optimistic advocate of man's infinite perfectibility. An occasional glimpse of sincerity so absolute, moreover, is educative. Here is photographic accuracy of literary production—flash-light photography, perhaps, with more hardness of outline and wildness of feature than would appear at other moments; but photographs have certain merits which the most richly painted oils have not.

*MARIGOLDS**By* INGRAM CROCKETT

Merry elves in shining yellow,
Followers of the jovial sun,
Who, Silenus like, is mellow
Now the harvest fields are won —
In good fellowship pray take me,
Elf or wingèd Laughter make me.

Gossamers shall be the shining
Strings whereon a pleasant measure
Shall be played, our feet inclining
To a dance of sylvan pleasure.
If I stumble pray uphold me,
To your grace and lightness mold me.

Opal dew of Dawn, down-shaken,
Shall bedeck us, milkweed flossy,
By the frolic winds up-taken,
Crown us as with snowflakes glossy.
To all joyous revels bring me,
Lyrics of the meadows sing me.

Misty lights shall gloom and sparkle
Over us, and clouds outgoing
To far places softly darkle
Scarlet woodlands round us flowing —
Surely you would not so grieve me
As, when Beauty calls, to leave me!

Comrades be till whitely gleaming
Comes the star of Dusk, and slowly
Day departs, reluctant, dreaming,
Down the way of twilight holy.
Then, oh then, do not forsake me,
Star, or Dream, or Moonlight make me.

*THE PASTORAL POETS**II.—BION AND MOSCHUS**By* JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

Oriental and opulent of languorous beauty is the first idyl of Bion, lamenting the death of Adonis. Lovers of our great English threnodies find here foreshadowings of the elegiac art of Spenser and Milton and Shelley.

All nature is sorrowful,—the mountains and the oaks, the rivers and the fountains, the lovely flowers; yea, the Graces and Oreads grieve with Aphrodite for her perished darling. Truly an immortal elegy, whose wistful and pensive harmonies reach us across the ages.

Among versions of Bion and Moschus, that of Lloyd Mifflin,—a poet's own re-making, rather than too close a transcript,—commends itself; it is the work of one who in his own original verse has shown himself unmistakably of the pastoral brotherhood. In ten sonnets Mr. Mifflin modernizes *The Lament for Adonis*:

Love is that golden voice of mellowest tone,
Perished the love-light of his glowing eyes,
And I am left all desolate and alone!

Thus laments the inconsolable Cypris,

Through the lone woodlands is her anguish borne.

In the very spirit of Sicilian pastoral song is this passage from Sonnet IV :

Woe, woe for Cypris ! all the mountains say ;
While all the oaks, from every ancient limb,
Make solemn answer, *Woe, ah woe for him !*
And mourning fills the groves, and glooms the day.
The murmurous rivers purling in the vale
Moan for lorn Aphrodite as they go.

Many a happy line and descriptive phrase adorns these sonnets, as this of Adonis :

Following thy hounds at earliest flush of dawn
While in the fern yet sleeps the dappled fawn.

In Mr. Mifflin's sonnet-versions from Moschus there abound the same sure felicity and fine poetic touch ; here is his beautiful fourth sonnet from *Europe and the Bull* :

Then timid she arose and went to seek
The maidens of her train,—the lily girls
Whose loosely-filleted and wandering curls
Clustered around each glowing, rosy cheek ;
Daughters that noble sires plain bespeak,
With voices sweeter than the morning merles,—
Fresh buds of rarest maidenhood, the pearls
Of purple Lyre,—sea-crowned queen antique.
In all Europe's sports they would engage,
And their most beauteous bodies oft would they
Bathe where the silver rivers meet the sea,
Or in the dance float on in bright array ;
Then on some flower-marauding pilgrimage
Together pluck the lilies of the lea.

Here, again, one would fain linger to write down certain lines and half-lines from these sonnets, as—

. . . for they heard the tunes
Sung by the surge across the sleeping mere.

This, of the Bull, might well have been from Spenser's quill :

He came into the meadow in his pride
Among the beauteous daughters gathered there ;
And they had yearnings deep to touch his hair
And lay their white hands on his silken hide.

What a sense of lorn and remote and helpless grief in this,—

But when no longer landmarks could be seen,—
Far from surf-beaten headlands of her home,
Or lofty cliff well-loved, along the shore,—
When all was moving mounds and wastes of green
With dark illimitable fields of foam,
Her voice brake forth.

The dirge for Bion has been made into twelve sonnets by Lloyd Mifflin. I must refrain from further quotation,—only expressing the hope that, as this poet has proven himself so thoroughly at one with the Sicilian pastoralists, he may some day turn the idyls of Theocritus into melodious sonnets for our delight.

*REPRINT FROM THEOCRITUS***EXTRACT FROM IDYL XVI*

Ever is this the care of the maidens of Zeus, ever the care of minstrels, to sing the Immortals, to sing the praises of noble men. The Muses, lo, are Goddesses, of Gods the Goddesses sing, but we on earth are mortal men; let us mortals sing of mortals. Ah, who of all them that dwell beneath the grey morning, will open his door and gladly receive our Graces within his house? who is there that will not send them back again without a gift? And they with looks askance, and naked feet come homewards, and sorely they upbraid me when they have gone on a vain journey, and listless again in the bottom of their empty coffer, they dwell with heads bowed over their chilly knees, where is their drear abode, when gainless they return.

Where is there such an one, among men to-day? Where is he that will befriend him that speaks his praises? I know not, for now no longer, as of old, are men eager to win the renown of noble deeds, nay, they are the slaves of gain! Each man clasps his hands below the purse-fold of his gown, and looks about to spy whence he may get him money: the very rust is too precious to be rubbed off for a gift.

* Reprinted from Andrew Lang's *Theocritus, Bion and Moschus*, with acknowledgment to Macmillan & Co.

Nay, each has his ready saw; *the shin is further than the knee; first let me get my own!* 'Tis the Gods' affair to honour minstrels! Homer is enough for every one, who wants to hear any other? He is the best of bards who takes nothing that is mine.

O foolish men, in the store of gold uncounted, what gain have ye? Not in this do the wise find the true enjoyment of wealth, but in that they can indulge their own desires, and something bestow on one of the minstrels, and do good deeds to many of their kin, and to many another man; and always give altar-rites to the Gods, nor ever play the churlish host, but kindly entreat the guest at table, and speed him when he would be gone. And this, above all, to honour the holy interpreters of the Muses, that so thou mayest have a goodly fame, even when hidden in Hades, nor ever moan without renown by the chill water of Archeron, like one whose palms the spade has hardened, some landless man bewailing the poverty that is all his heritage.

From the Muses comes a goodly report to men, but the living heirs devour the possessions of the dead. But, lo, it is as light labour to count the waves upon the beach, as many as wind and grey sea-tide roll upon the shore, or in violet-hued water to cleanse away the stain from a potsherd, as to win favour from a man that is smitten with the greed of gain. Good-

day to such an one, and countless be his coin, and ever may he be possessed by a longing desire for more! But I for my part would choose honour and the loving-kindness of men, far before wealth in mules and horses.

—++—

*REPRINT FROM BION**

FRAGMENT IX

Ah, if a double term of life were given us by Zeus, the son of Cronos, or by changeful Fate, ah, could we spend one life in joy and merriment, and one in labour, then perchance a man might toil, and in some later time might win his reward. But if the gods have willed that man enters into life but once (and that life brief, and too short to hold all we desire), then, wretched men and weary that we are, how sorely we toil, how greatly we cast our souls away on gain, and laborious arts, continually coveting yet more wealth! Surely we have all forgotten that we are men condemned to die, and how short is the hour, that to us is allotted by Fate.

—

FRAGMENT XV

It is not well, my friend, to run to the craftsman, whatever may befall, nor in every matter to need another's aid, nay, fashion a pipe thyself, and to thee the task is easy.

* Reprinted from Andrew Lang's *Theocritus, Bion and Moschus*, with acknowledgment to Macmillan & Co.

*REPRINT FROM MOSCHUS***IDYL V*

When the wind on the grey salt sea blows softly, then my weary spirits rise, and the land no longer pleases me, and far more doth the calm allure me. But when the hoary deep is roaring, and the sea is broken up in foam, and the waves rage high, then lift I mine eyes unto the earth and trees, and fly the sea, and the land is welcome, and the shady wood well pleasing in my sight, where even if the wind blow high the pine-tree sings her song. Surely an evil life lives the fisherman, whose home is his ship, and his labours are in the sea, and fishes thereof are his wandering spoil. Nay, sweet to me is sleep beneath the broad-leaved plane-tree; let me love to listen to the murmur of the brook hard by, soothing, not troubling the husbandman with its sound.

* Reprinted from Andrew Lang's *Theophrastus, Bion and Moschus*, with acknowledgment to Macmillan & Co.

Recent Publications

LOUIS V. LEDOUX.—*Yzdra*. Our readers will gladly welcome the publication of this beautiful poetic drama, the first act of which was published in the February *Pathfinder* of 1909. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1909.

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER.—*The Making of Bobby Burnit*. This novel suggests the subtitle of the modern epic of business. It has the necessary range and rush, the inherent breadth and grasp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.—*The Blushful South and Hippocrene*. A thin volume of verse that would be largely poetic promise were it not that the writer had written already some good poetry. Surely much of this is bad. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1909.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.—*True Tilda*. A fitting companion with English environment to Malot's delightful waif tale, *Sans Famille*. Not literature as Dickens wrote, but a well-told tale of the adventures of a circus waif and an orphanage boy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.—*The Land of Long Ago*. Few character creations in recent American fiction have the appealing charm of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," who lives again to our delight in these sketches of quaint and wholly loveable manners of long ago. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.—*The Bill-Toppers*. There's a little thread of gold in all the tinsel of this whirling romance of the "green room," of the fakers and "bike" artists of the underworld of footlights that spells life. It is the *roman comique* of vaudeville. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER.—*A Girl of the Limberlost*. If one judges this novel by technique, surely the verdict would be unfavorable. An occasional situation is dramatic and absorbing but the frame seems too large for the sustained handling of out-of-door themes for which the writer is singularly gifted. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1909.

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.—*Trespass*. There's something of Hardy's strength and manner in this strong English novel with the common theme of the "eternal triangle,"—a masterful handling of the theme with the exception of the climax. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1909.

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